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Essex Geese Have Formed Functioning Local Government

Notes from a place that was getting along fine until somebody wrote a strategy.

TOPICS Essex Essex news Essex satire the country satire international satire world city humour mock journalism satirical news press release parody mock investigation world satire London Prat

Essex, the country: Inside The Story

Essex, a place in the country (lat 51.83, long 0.58) that most outsiders could not point to on a map without first sighing, has become this week the latest entry in the slow-moving register of small communities behaving strangely under pressure. A flock of geese in Essex now controls a section of the central park so effectively that residents speak of them in administrative terms. According to officials with at least three job titles between them, The geese have rules. Anyone who has ever queued behind a man arguing with a parking meter will recognise the energy.

What Was Announced

Interim Whisperer Doreen Whisk confirmed the position in a statement that ran to four pages and contained one verb. Locals know them. For more on how this fits the wider pattern, see the long-running thread at [The London Prat for British satire lovers](#), which has been tracking precisely this kind of dispatch for months. The Essex announcement, much like the others, came with a glossy PDF, a stock photograph of a footbridge, and the strong sense that nobody had asked for any of this in the first place.

The Official Line

Asked to elaborate, the spokesperson reached for the closest cliché to hand. "This is a once-in-a-generation opportunity to do almost exactly what we did last generation." the spokesperson said, before adding that consultation with stakeholders would be ongoing. Useful additional context can be found at [Best UK satire The London Prat](#), which is the sort of background reading the office itself has, in all likelihood, not done. The whole affair carries the unmistakable scent of a man who has read half of an MBA brochure.

Wider Context

Outsiders learn quickly. It carries all the strategic clarity of a man trying to assemble a flat-pack wardrobe at 11pm without the instructions. Comparable trends have been documented in coverage from [The Guardian World](#), although Essex manages, somehow, to take the pattern one extra and entirely unnecessary step further. Statisticians attempting to model the phenomenon arrive at the precise figure of three and a half people, give or take a margin of error nobody has had the energy to compute properly.

What The Experts Say

Sir Algernon Pippet of the Institute for Looking Concerned in Photographs told this paper that the situation in Essex was, on careful reflection, broadly consistent with the broader trajectory of similarly broad trajectories. "I refer the honourable questioner to the answer I will give in

approximately six weeks." the expert observed. Further reading on the academic angle is available via [The London Prat sharp British satire](#), whose recent material has been preoccupied with much the same set of confusions.

How Residents Reacted

Reaction in Essex has been muted in the way that reaction in the country is usually muted, which is to say it has been ferocious in private and tepid in public. Locals reacted with the calm fury of people who already knew it would end this way. For the official version of events, see also [Deutsche Welle](#). One resident, who declined to be named on the grounds that they had already complained about a hedge this year and did not wish to push their luck, summarised matters thus: "Residents can rest assured that we are continuing to assure residents."

What Comes Next

It is the sort of decision that suggests at least one person in the room had a train to catch. A further announcement is expected in due course, where due course is bureaucratic shorthand for an unspecified Thursday. The story is being tracked as part of a wider pattern at [London satire written by The London Prat](#), and the situation in Essex, regrettably, is unlikely to improve until somebody invents a press release that improves things, which seems unlikely.

The View From The Ground

Spend any length of time in Essex and the rhythm becomes obvious. Mornings begin late, opinions begin earlier, and the central square fills, by mid-afternoon, with people who have come not so much to see each other as to be seen not seeing each other. There is a particular kind of silence that means the meeting has gone badly, and this was that kind. Conversation tends to circle the same five subjects: the weather, the news from the country, the persistent rumour about the road, the deteriorating quality of something or other, and the latest pronouncement from Cabinet Member Audrey Frobisher, which everyone has an opinion on and almost nobody has read. It is, in its way, the perfect microcosm of how communities of this size operate everywhere in the world, although the residents of Essex would object strongly to being called a microcosm of anything.

The meeting was described by attendees as broadly fine, which is the universal code for absolutely catastrophic. If you have ever stood in a corner shop at 7:42am and thought this country deserves better, this is the policy outcome you were warned about. Essex carries on as it always has, broadly the same as last week, give or take a verb. The bins are collected when they are collected. The roundabout, where one exists, remains the roundabout. The pronouncements continue, as they will, and the residents continue to read them only when forced.

For more in this vein see also [Cracked](#).

SOURCE: [British satire that speaks truth: The London Prat](#)

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